CONCERNING ALFRED SHERBURN.

"I tell you it takes a mighty pleasant day to make it pleasant down into this popple swamp. You shouldn't think I'd like to live heref Oh, well, I ain't no call to be over 'n' above happy; and I guess I'd ruther be here than anywhere. I ain't like other men, you know; and if I stop right here I git 'long better'n if I was round pretendin' I was like other folks. I couldn't bear that, noways, rubbin' against folks as I did once. I used to drive the stage from the deepo over to Farnham to the Center down here; 'n' I saw lots of people, and was sociable 'n' smilin' with um. I was born kinder sociable; but folks don't always hold out's they're born. Sometimes I don't see nobody over here from month's end to month's end; 'n' when I do, 's often's not I don't speak a word. Once 'n a while, tho, I like to hear the sound of my own voice. 'Tain't 'cause I care anything'bout who they be that come; it's just that I sometimes have talkin' spells, but not often. 1 seem to have got one of um now, tho I don't s'pose you mind it?"

The speaker looked up at the well-dressed young man, who was leaning on his cane in a quietly observant way. Young Wharton wanted to say there was nothing he should like better than to have the man go on, but he thought it better to remark indifferently that he didn't mind.

The man did not speak again directly. The two stood looking down into the hollow beneath them, where the poplars grew in thick ranks, the unhealthy lush-looking greenery of a swamp curling about their pallid trunks. The poplars had a ghastly appearance, as if they were a company of tree ghosts. The sun was shining on them, making their pale trunks shimmer, and a breeze made the white under side of their leaves show. There was a glitter of water from a pool in the midst of the hollow. Half-way up the hill from the swamp.

and sheltered from the north wind, was a small house of rough boards, with a stone chimney on the outside at one end. There was a large window and a door. Without the door on a stool sat the master of this place, a tall, middle-aged man, who looked out from a beard that grew nearly to his eyes. Rather of a handsome man he was, in a bold, decided kind of a way. Now, having lived long without the eyes of his fel
"Finally I roused up 'n' aret how it all low mortals upon him, his fine figure had fallen into a kind of a droop and slouch. He slouched forward, with his hands on his knees, gazing at the stranger before

"Very likely you're in love," he said, un-Wharton stirred a little in his surprise. After a slight hesitation, he answered.

"Yes. I am." Then he said he didn't know as the fact was placarded on him, and he laughed at himself. 'I d' know as you show that exactly.' said the other, "but there's a kink of glory or something"—here the man paused, and with a frank curiosity asked, "Who's the

For some reason Wharton, reserved as he was, felt willing to answer these questions.
"It is Ruth Merle," he replied.
Sherburn rose to his feet with a movement of great surprise and interest.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed. He stared; he seemed unable to believe the words he had heard. "Why," he ejaculated, "that's my Ruth's daughter; it must be. Father's Tom Merle, ain't it?" "Has she got eyes like larkspurs for color,

'n' a mouth as red as red?' "Yes," said Wharton again. Sherburn laughed loudly. He flung up

one hand with an indescribable gesture of desperate contempt. She'll make a fool on ye; she'll pour the

wormwood into your life, 's her mother did into mine. But you won't believe it; you're jest wrapped up in her. So was I in her mother. I know how she'll look at you till you think she's jest made up of truth 'n' love for you. She'll make you think never a gai loved a man's she loves you. Ob, land! Don't I know it all? And here I be, There was such a keen bitterness in this

last cry that it made Wharton wince. "I tell ye," went on Sherburn, after a moment, "a popple swamp's a good 'nough company for meafter what i've ben through. Se' down. I'll bring out 'nother seat. Did ye ever hear the Meries say nothin' 'bout' Alf Sherburn' No; I'll bet you didn't. They're beforehanded now, 'n' upper-crust, 'n' I've ben goin' down. I s'pose your Ruth is edicated. 'n' speaks grammar; but mine didn't; don't now, I guess. I'm goin' to tell you 'hout it. I've got a notion to. Did you hear I was in jail for a while? Queer you didn't. Folks have forgot me. They do forgit quick; but if I was mentioned, they'd tell fast enough that I was a jail-bird. But they wouldn't tell you of all the years was honest, and never done a thing out of the way. But, mind you, I say I've ben honest all the time. I wasn't guilty. But they proved it onto me. It was all proved out as plain as day, 'n' I couldn't do a thing but submit. I was twenty-four years old then. That was twenty years ago. I've got kinder hardened, p'raps, so that I think of myself as if I was somebody else; and when I think stiddy I pity that somebody else so I cry about him, I didn't ery then. I was on tire. I hated and I loved. How I did both. "I had driven the stage with the mail

from Farnham that afternoon, and Ruth had ben one of the passengers. When I thousand dollars of Merle's was before me took her out of the stage at her own door every instant: 'n' so was Ruth's face as it "'You'll come to-night.' 'n her breath went over my face as she spoke. "I put out my hosses 'n' rubbed um down after I got home, not known much I was doin'. There was Ruth's face 'n' eyes before me every minute. It seemed as if the

very hosses must know how happy I was. "We were jest as good as engaged, but there never'd ben no formal promise between us. I meant there should be this night, and there was. I come away Ruth's promised husband. I loved her beyond all words; but it did seem almost as if my heart couldn't hold quite so much love as fond she was of me. I tell you it makes to if a woman does love if somebody else me feel kind of helpless when I think how can buy her with \$100,000? she hung to me 'n' curled about me, 'n' how her eyes looked 'n' that bright mouth of hers. I'd ben goin' with her some time, 's I said; but she never really let me know for

sure that she loved me so till that evening. "Did she love me! How many times I've tried to have God let me know the truth. It's horrid to think that was all makebelieve; but it don't make no difference. guess I don't understand women much, 'n' I'm sure I don't want to. You, now, are jest about young 'nough to think you know um, but you don't.

to see Ruth till the day after. But on that | to me, an' I held her. evening I dressed up 'n' walked over to the Bryant's. It was Ruth's mother who came to the door; she said, 'Good evening' kind of distant, I thought. I was goin' right in when she said: 'Ruth ain't to home.' looked at her. I felt something cold come into my heart; but I tried to think 'twas no matter if she didn't happen to be to home, the she might have thought I'd come.
"'Where is she?' bolder than I felt.

"She had gone to Boston to stay a week. She didn't leave any word, so her mother told me. As Mrs. Bryant looked into my face she seemed to pity me; for she suddenly put her hand on my shoulder, 'n' said there was a great many gals 'd be glad of such a handsome feller 's I was. I laughed. I didn't try to say anything.

"At the end of the week I went ag'in. Ruth had been persuaded to stay a little longer; she was havin' such a good time. A good time!

"I went on driving my hosses, 'n' tryin' to put all my mind into my work. I called again, after a week. At least, I started to call; but I met Ruth's mother comin' out of the postoffice at the village. She was extra pleasant. She asked me if Ruth had written to me, and when I answered no, she said that gals was strange things, any way; she didn't know why the Lord hadn't given um more stability. I didn't like that, 'n' I fired up'n' I said that the Lord had made Ruth to suit me exactly, 'n' as for her I didn't

want her changed a grain. "At this, Ruth's mother gave me a kind of glance that was like Ruth's glance, 'n' that took all the strength out of me. I caught hold of her hand, 'n' I cried out: 'For God's sake, tell me what's the matter!'

"But Mrs. Bryant wouldn't speak. She shook her head, 'n' tried to put me off by sayin' she was always sorry when she saw a man givin' all his heart away. In this

tell you. It was summer, 'n' moonlight. But all I could see in the loveliness of the world was Ruth's face as 'twas when she

told me she loved me. "I went a little past the village. I come to a large house on a hill where the river curves in a pretty bend below it. I saw a man comin' out of the house and locking the door behind him as if he had a right to do it. I knew about that buildin.' It had towers, 'n' piazzas, 'n' thellike, and it was mortgaged while old Stearns was puttin' it up. Jest as he finished it he fiailed, 'n' went all to smash. There was the house, n' it had ben forsale for a couple of months. I thought to myself when I saw the man, 'Somewody's ben 'n' bought the Stearns place,' I leaned on the fence 'n' watched to see if I knew him, not cause I cared much, but cause I was glad of anything to

stop me from goin' home.
"The feller walked up 'n' down the piazza
two or three times; then he come down the path with his hands in his pockets. When the moonlight struck him I knew him right away. It was Tom Merle. He and I had always been on good terms enough. He worked in the shoe fact'ry, 'n' earned good wages. He had one fault; he would go off on a spree three or four times a year, and be drunk as a fool for a week or so. He never stopped havin' his sprees, I hear. He had one of these full mouths, 'n' actin' a little too much like a fish. Still he was well enough. I was struck up when I seen it was him comin' down the path. When he said:

"Hello, Sherburn, come in 'n' see my new house,' I thought 'twas a joke. I went in at the gate, 'n' I arst him how long sence he'd been ownin' that estate, 'n' if he was goin' to pay for it out of his shoe-cutter's

"He took one hand out of his pocket and twirled the key round in the moonlight. He was so flushed I thought he'd ben drinkin'; but he was as sober's any man could be that had had such luck. "'I've paid for it to-day.' he said, in a kind of unsteady voice. I saw his mouth trembled. 'Yes, eir, it's paid for, 'n' I'm a rich man besides. More'n that, I'm goin to

be a happy man; yes, a happy man."
"I didn't know why it was, but I was kind of chilled when I heard that. I thought 'twas 'cause I was envious 'n' mean spirited. I couldn't seem to ask him another question till we got inside, 'n' were walkin' through the great high rooms which had frescoes 'n' that kind of thing on the walls. Merle carried a little hand-lamp which didn't half show how grand everything was. I stared round bewil-dered. I didn't really hear what he said,

"Finally I roused up 'n' arst how it all happened. He laughed. He said he'd jest ben tellin me; where was my wits? I knew he had a rich uncle, didn't I? Yes; but I thought he had children. So he had, but they had died, one after another. Two weeks after the last one was buried the old man himself had died, 'n' Merle was the nearest kin, no other nephew or niece. Wasn't it like a novel? One hundred thousand dollars if a cent. Where'd I ben that I hadn't heard?

"'I couldn't wait till I got this house,' went on Merle. 'It's jest the thing for her, only nothin' ain't really good nough. Now I'm goin' to be happy. Don't you want to borry some money! You look kind of dazed. I don't wonder. I ain't known myself what I've done sence it happened. Come down to the corner 'n' le's have a drink to clear our heads,' he said, as we come into the handsome hall 'n' he threw open half of the double door.
"I said I wouldn't drink, but I'd walk to

the corner with him. He never stopped talkin' for a minute, but he didn't tell me who was goin' to be mistress of that house. When I arst him he laughed, threw up his head, 'n' said time enough to tell that; he s'posed he was superstitous, but it seemed to him if he told he might lose her. "Taint settled, then?" I arst, jest to say

"'Tis settled, and 'tain't, but if it falls through, I'd as lives shoot myselt as not. What's that money without her? I ain't never dared to look to her on 'count of my sprees, you know, but now-well, money does help a fellow with women, and that's a fact.

I wouldn't go in there if I was him, but he said he shouldn't take more'n a glass. "I went on, thinkin' of some of his won-derful luck, but more of Ruth; and feelin' that I wouldn't swap places with him. Finally I forgot him altogether. I went bome, but I didn't go into the house; I walked round among some pine trees op-

"When we come to the corner I told him

posite. I couldn't sleep if I did go in. "All at once I stopped's if I was shot. I couldn't help elenchin' my hands 'n' fling-in' um out. I knew who Merle meant to take to his house! I knew it was Ruth-Ruth Bryant. It was all as plain as day to me in a minute. What a fool I had ben not to know it before! Like a flash of lightning my mind went down the last rew years. I remembered the times, about a year ago, when Merle used to go home with Ruth from evenin' meetin's 'n' our parties. But it didn't last: 'n' I hadn't heard nothin' about it, only when somebody said once that they guessed Tom Merle wa'n't good 'nough for Ruth Bryant. Was he good 'nough now! Good God! How clear every-thing was to me as I stood among them

pines in the moonlight. "That was an awful time with me then. I c'n think of myself that night 's if I was some other young feller that had got a knife stuck in his heart. I know jest how the knife felt, but I don't feel it now. Folks do outgrow things, for all some of um say they don't; but there's a sore place or numb spot, or something. You ain't jest the same after.

"I didn't go into the house all that night. What was the usef That one hundred every instant; 'n' so was Ruth's face as it

was when she hung on my neck. "I was jest a young fool then. I went like a wild thing up'n' down among them pine trees. I c'n smell that strong smell of rosum now jest as 'twas in the warm dampness. Somehow I ain't, liked the smell of pines sense that night. Yes, I was a reg'lar fool. I threw myself down on the wet needles and dug my hands into um. How could I give her up! I knew I'd got to. But she loved me; surely she loved me. No woman could look like that 'n' not love. You see what a thunderin' block-head heart couldn't hold quite so much love as | was. I hoped, too, every time I thought of hers did, she bein's woman, ye know. How | her face. But, land! What does it amount

> "That was why I hadn't heard a word from her. I'd see her again. I made upmy mind to that. She'd got to tell me with her own lips.

"I crept up to my room jest as the sky begun to lighten for the mornin'. "I hired somebody to run the stage, 'n' I went into Boston that day. I knew where she was, to our uncle's; 'n' I went straight

"She was white 's a sheet when she come into the parlor where I stood waitin'. She seemed to waiver when she got inside the "Well, I had to go off without expressin' door. I took a step toward her 'n' put out some goods the next day, and I couldn't git my arms. She looked at me, then she come

"She didn't make a sound for a long time. As for me, I couldn't speak. I was jest as sure then 's I was afterward that I never should hold her in my arms ag'in. The first thing I said, finally, was: "'I was with Tom Merle in his new house

last night.' "She gave a little cry 'n' clung closer. "'Did he tell you?' she arst.

" 'He didn't tell me anything much; only he's rich now. "'Why didn't he tell? Why didn't he tell? she cried out. "I wouldn't help her. I felt cruel. I wanted to kill her. After a long time she lifted her head from my breast 'n' stepped away from me.

jest stood with my arms hangin' down. 'n' looked at her. It's terrible to love anybody's I loved her then. " I'm goin' to marry Tom Merle.' she said. " 'Because you want to be rich?'

"My throat was so dry I had to be silent. wa'n't goin' to plead with her. I couldn't

"As soon as my voice came I said guessed I better be goin'. I turned. stumbled onto my hat that I'd dropped on the floor. I stooped to pick it up. Some-how I was blind 'n' couldn't seem to see the door. When I did get my hand on the latch she said:

"She was standing right there, with her " 'Shall you marry Merle?' I arst. "She twisted her hands together. She

opened her lips, but I didn't hear what she "'Shall you marry Merlet' I said 'loud. "She nodded her head.

"I opened the door, 'n' I got into the street some way.

carried past, 'n' had to walk ten miles home. When I did git home I went right to bed, 'n' slept like a log all night. "Next day I couldn't work hard 'nough. I was thankful to God that I stopped think-

in' of stranglin' them two. "But at the end of a month, when Merle 'n' Ruth was married 'n' went to live in their new house, another idea come into my mind, 'n' I couldn't git it out. "You see it's for this idea I begun to tell you this, 'n' I didn't mean to make a love

story out of it, but it kind of seems as if I had; 'n' I hate love stories. "I used to drive by the Stearns house, as we called it, twice every day. Sometimes I seen Ruth in the yard with Tom, but she never looked round, tho' Tom used to swing his cap 'n' call out: "Hullo, Alf!"

"You see he didn't know I had any serious feelin' bout Ruth. I don't think nobody did but Ruth's mother. I never reckoned even her father knew. "I was tough when I'd see um there's I

went by. "One time when Tom come out to send a package by express, when he handed up the bundle, something come into my mind so strong I'd like to have toppled off my

"I s'pose I'd borne things bout's long's I "I would burn down that great Stearns house. I wouldn't see it no longer. I didn't care who burned in it. I would do it. "You can't think what a queer kind of a joy that thought gave me. P'raps you'll say 'twas a hellish joy; p'raps 'twas. Anyway I didn't think of anything else all the way over 'n' back with the stage. It was jest's if I had found a prize, or something like that. I never thought about its being wicked or a crime or anything of that kind. I was swallered up in the idea. I didn't know I was a bad kind of man. Everybody'd have said there wa'n't a likelier feller in the whole town. I never once thought of resisting the temptation; it

didn't seem a thing to resist. "I didn't want to see any one. I wanted to be by myself, 'n' think it over. "It was joy to plan over 'n' over how I'd do it. I thought of a good many ways; but I was goin' to take time, 'n' not decide on any one way right off. I set the night jest ten days ahead. I'd do it on the midnight, between the 11th and 12th of the Jest as soon as I'd settled that I begun to be cheerful. "The days before the 11th went like a

flash, I tell you. When the time come I didn't know any better way than to git into the suller with some kindlin's and kerosene. I knew how, for I had examined. "The wind begun to rise when the sun set. That was good for me. I was in high spirits at supper. I wondered why mother kep' lookin' at me so. She said my eyes didn't 'pear jest right to her. I laughed to myself when I went up-stairs to bed that night, at 9 o'clock.

"How the wind whistled about, 'n' how the pine trees lashed theirselves! I thought I'd have a nap 'fore 12. I had put the kindlin's 'n' the oil all ready in the wood-house g'inst I needed 'em. "With such a plan in my head, would you thought I could sleep? I didn't, at first. I

lay in my bed with the clo'es drawn up over my ears, thinkin', thinkin'. I was happy.
I don't know how'twas, but my plan seemed
to satisfy me. I kep' thinkin' how Tom
Merle looked when I seen him last. I
wondered if he'd be burned to death, he'n
his wife. What if he sh'd die, 'n' I should save his wife? But I didn't reckon on that. The wind kep' right on, shriekin' like a thousand wild beas's. My bed kinder rocked, 'n' it rocked me to sleep. Any way I went to sleep thinkin' jest how I'd creep out, so's not to rouse mother.

"You see, I was dead tired. I'd worked like a tiger for the last two or three days, 'n' I hadn't really slep' any. Well; I didn't wake up till there was a strip of sunlight lying right across my bed. The sun had ben up a half-hour. I couldn't make it out. I was stoopid. I threw my feet outer bed 'n' sat starin'. How could I have slep'

"There wa'n't a bit of wind stirrin' now. I hurried on my clo'es, 'n' the first thing I did was to go out to the shed. My kindlin' 'n' my oil-can wa'n't there. "I stood lookin' at the place where they'd ben. There was marks of muddy feet, 'bout half dry, 'n' there was my rub-ber boots, splashed 'n' half dry, too. It had ben rainy lately, 'n' the roads was full of

"I was pretty down. I didn't feel's if was sure of anything. "I was leanin' up against the wall in the wood-house when I seen mother go 'cross the road to our neighbor's for the milk.

"When she come back she looked kinder excited. Seein' me she stopped at the open door with her tin quart in her hand, "'I didn't know's you was up, she said. 'Did you hear nothin' in the night?' "'Nothin' but wind,' I answered. "'That's what I told um,' she said;

ben under our noses. "It always took so long for her to come to "'Bells?' I said. I wanted to shake her. I begun to tremble.

blew so we couldn't hear the bells if they'd

"'Yes: they rung both the meetin'-house bells: but, land, what could they do? Awful fire! The Stearns house burned to the ground in no time in such a gale. The work of a incend'ry, they say. I'm goin' to get breakfast right away. Don't see to your horses till you've et.' "She went in, 'n' I heard her settin' the

table. I didn't move till she called me; 'n' then, instid of goin' into the kitchen, I went up-stairs 'n' sut down on my bed. I couldn't seem to sense things. The Stearns house burnt down! And I didn't do it. Who done it? Yes, who'd got ahead of me 'n' done it? I kep' tryin' to think clear but I couldn't.

"I heard mother call me agin; then she come up the stairs. I was so tried with her I could have pushed her away, but I didn't "'Alf,' said she, 'the coffee's gittin' cold.

I s'pose you're struck all of a heap. So be I. They say there wa'n't nobody killed. but Tom Merle resked his life 'n' got awful hurt gittin' his wife out. Come, the coffee'll 'She would stan' there till I started, 'n'

I had to go down 'n' drink the coffee. But I couldn't eat 'n' I couldn't even try. Mother kep' sayin' 'twouldn't help nothin' not to eat. 'n' she didn't wonder I was struck of a heap. "Jest as I couldn't bear it no longer, 'n' had shoved back from the table, the out-

side door was opened, 'n' Bill Gurney come "He looked at me as if he was surprised to see me, somehow. Bill was the constable in our village; but I didn't think of

"Mother offered him a cup of coffee, but he said he was in a hurry, 'n' they wanted me down there, noddin' toward the settle-"I slipped on my coat 'n' was ready.

Mother begun to question him bout the fire, but he couldn't stop to talk. "I thought 'twas mighty odd he should put his hand through my arm as we walked down the road; but I let him. I didn't speak nor he didn't till jest's we turned on to the main street. Then he looked at me so strange, 'n' his voice shook a little as

"I never was so sorry to do a thing in my life, Alf. I don't understand it. I hope something'll come out. I can't believe it." "I told him I didn't know what he was tatkin' about. "He shut his mouth tight and didn't say anything more. You better believe I grew more 'n' more

"I saw a crowd round where the Stearns house was. "Some of the men left 'n' come along with us, all of um lookin' curronsly at me. "What do you think it all meant? "They'd took me up for settin' that fire; 'n' me asleep in my bed all night. "I felt exactly as if I'd done it. hadn't, you see; had I? 'Fore God, I can't to this day git to the rights of that ques-

"They'd found my tin can 'bout a rod from the fire. It had my name scratched on to it so's the grocer know it when he took it to fill it. "Worse'n that; I was seen with a bundle of wood 'n' that can goin' into the back gate of the Stearns place 'bout an hour 'fore the blaze come out. 'N' I was seen runnin' across the fields toward home. It was

moonlight by 12 o'clock, 'n' clear's a bell.

"I was in my shirt sleeves 'n' trowsis, 'n' no hat, when I was seen last. My hat was found near the house that was burnt. It was my hat, no mistake. "I remember the half-dry mud on my boots that were kicked off in the wood-

"What do you make of it? It was a clear case enough. I hadn't no defense. How could I have? I got a lawyer jest to please

fire to the Stearns house, an' I had to go to "I never seen my mother after I was sentenced. She had a fever an' died. That

took hold of me for a spell; but it wore off "You see I never said a word to any one how I'd planned to burn that house till years after. Do you think I did it? You do? Well, I expect I did: but it was unbe-Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep." knownst to myself.

"A minister told me the guilt was on my soul when I planned it. I danno bout that. I don't take stock in everything a minister says. But let it go. We can't know the rights of it. "I must tell you what happened after I'd ben in prison a year.

"I was told to go into the visitors' room. as some one wanted to see me. I didn't guess who it was. There sat a woman with a thick veil on. If her veil had been twice as thick I should have known the turn of her shoulders. The sight made me faint. leaned up against the wall. I didn't try to speak. She didn't speak either for several minutes. She got up from her chair 'n' stood holding onto the back of it.
"Take off your veil,' I said, 'n' she did.

"God! what makes a man love so? There she was very white, 'n' lookin' at me with them eyes that killed me. "'I couldn't help comin',' she said. 'It's ben the one thing I've wanted to do since you've ben here. I wanted to tell you I knew you done it. 'n' I didn't blame you. Yes, you done it: 'n' I forgive you.'
"Her eyes kep' on me so's I couldn't be rough's I'd meant to be.
"You forgive me?" I said. 'That's a queer thing for you to come 'n' say to me.'

"'Yes,' she repeated, 'I should forgive you anything you did. 'Tain't likely I should expect you to forgive me. I can't ask it—I can't ask it.' "Her voice began to quiver. She stopped. She turned her face away. "I stood up there like a stake stuck in the ground. All I could do was to look at ner. I didn't reckon I should ever set eyes on her agin. And I ain't.

"What was the use of tellin' her that I didn't do that deed; leastways that I didn't know I done it? I knew in my heart I had planned and meant it. "After a little she said she must go, 'n' would I say good-bye? She held out her hand. I took it. I didn't speak. My throat was shut up. It was all I could do to breathe.

"She went out of the room. I heard something fall in the passage. I heard somebody say: 'She fainted.' I was taken back to my cell. "That was all a long while ago. I think or loss of character. Then he went away of it a good deal, 'n' I'm powerful sorry for openly. He made up his mind to leave feller who went through it. As I set here by this popple swamp it don't rightly

seem as if 'twas me. "Last year when I was pickin' berries on the upland yonder, I come upon a young gal. She didn't see me at first, but I seen her, 'n' I had an instant of thinkin' 'twas Ruth, jest as she was years ago. It was Ruth's daughter. It was the gal you love, young man. She tried hard not to seem frightened when she seen me. "How should she know that her mother's child needn't have no fear of me?"

-Maria Louise Pool, in the Independent. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An Unpatriotic Breeze.

Puck. "Fine day, Colonel!" exclaimed a friend to Eliot F. Shepard. "No, it isn't," replied the Colonel: "the wind is from the south.

Then It is Visible.

Chicago Inter Ocean. Professor-Can we see the wind under any circumstances? Student-Yes, sir. "Indeed! Please explain when." "When we raise it by means of a sight

draft." He Was a Pronouncer.

Lady (to new clerk in carpet store)-Have you pronounced designs? Clerk-Pronounced designs? Yes, Indeed, I can pronounce almost any word. I have some faults in spelling, but I brag over my pronunciation.

From a Business Stand-Point,

Gentleman in Black-Don't you think it wrong to corrupt the morals of this simple community by the sale of liquor? Mr. Crossrhoades-Not much! I get cash for my likker. It's the 'tarnal long credit they get on t'other truck that's corruptin' Query: What Was He?

Puck.

"Are you going to Kidder's little girl's party this afternoon? "Of course not. I'm not a little girl," retorted De Haas. "You'll be at the donkey party at Taylor's, won't you!"

"Oh, yes; never miss that"

Politics in the Parlor. Cadsby (who ought to know that his room is better than his company)-Weally, now, Miss Pert, I don't know much about politics; but what, aw, party should you think I belonged to? Jinks (speaking savagely)-Miss Pert, no doubt, thinks that you belong to the third

Faithtess. American Grocer. Official (to refractory convict)-What do you mean by attempting to escape? Convict-Escape! Why, yer told me I

could leave if I wanted ter. Official-What! I didn't like the food in here I could go without?

What's in a Name.

Millicent-I do so dislike "short" names, Mr. Jones; I never allow anyone to call me "Milly." Don't you think I am right? Mr. Jones-I quite agree with you. Millicent-What do your friends call you. Mr. Jones? Mr. Jones-My name is Montmorency

Shorthouse Jones, and-er-they always call me "Shorty." Rough on the Doctor.

Texas Siftings. Doctor-Your wife is in a dangerous con-Husband-I thought she was, even before sent for you. "And I suggest that you call in some specialist to consult in the case.'

"Just what I expected. I told my wife

long ago that she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might get offended.' Fashion's Newest Colors.

Ladies' Home Journal. A long time ago people used to think that blue was essentially a color for blondes and angels. Nobody can dispute its being the color for angels, but it certainly is not the one to be chosen by a blonde. The fair skin looks cold enough, and when blue, especially pale blue, is put near it the effect given is very undesirable, because what was clear white before becomes a pallornow. Blondes had much better wear any of the rose shades, bright scarlet, warm brown or dark green, leaving the very trying pale blue to the brown-haired lassie with a bright color, or the warm brunette whose skin does not know the unsightly touch of sallowness. Everybody likes a rose-colored lining, and, to be in vogue this season, everybody ought to have a rosecolored frock-in cotton or wool, in silk or tulle, it is always most charitable in bringing out one's best features and toning down one's worst. Combined with white the pink shades are as dainty as a bit of old china, and will suggest the pretty pink and white ladies, whom Watteau painted on fans, who played at little Trianon with Marie Antoinette, laughed and jested, and yet did not fear when they had to face death on the guillotine for the sake of the

king and the queen. A Fly-Catching Mouse.

The firm of Wm. H. Post & Co., of Hartford, Conn., have in their store a helpful little mouse that is almost as handy a thing to have about as a brownie. No sooner is the big store closed at night than the little chap comes out of his hole, hops into the big illuminated show-window, and sets himself to work at catching flies. He and thither among the flies that buzz up and down the pane, while scores of people gather in the street and watch his performance. The little mouse is far better than a fly-trap or sticky paper, because he runs mother-she was bout wild. But my law- his own fly-trap without any help and does world it was best not to love too well; jest one a little, so you won't care much if things don't go right. That's what Ruth's mother said; not here are no dead or don't go right. That's what Ruth's mother said; not here are no dead or don't go right. That's what Ruth's mother said; not here are no dead or don't go right. That's what Ruth's mother said; not have to be set. What game he gets he stown my trap without any here and does not have to be set. What game he gets he stown away forever in his own game-bag, and there are no dead or doing insects lying about in his wake. After getting a method a powerful yer couldn't do much. He tried to git up an extenuatin' plea that I did it in my sleep; but folks wa'n't goin' to swaller no such and there are no dead or dying insects lying about in his wake. After getting a method and use.—R. W. Embut folks wa'n't goin' to swaller no such and there are no dead or dying insects lying about in his wake. After getting a method and use.—R. W. Embut folks wa'n't goin' to swaller no such and there are no dead or dying insects lying about in his wake. After getting a method and use.—R. W. Embut folks wa'n't goin' to swaller no such and there are no dead or dying insects lying about in his wake. After getting a method at yer couldn't do much. He tried to git up an extenuatin' plea that I did it in my sleep; but folks wa'n't goin' to swaller no such and there are no dead or dying insects lying about in his wake. After getting a most form.

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READING FOR SUNDAY.

In the Firelight. The fire upon the hearth is low, And there is stillness everywhere; Like troubled spirits, here and there The firelight shadows fluttering go. And as the shadows round me creep, A childish treble breaks the gloom And softly from a further room

And, somehow, with that little prayer And that sweet treble in my ears, My thought goes back to distant years And lingers with a dear one there; And as I hear the child's amen, My mother's faith comes back to me; Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother helds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place-Oh, for the peace of that dear time, Oh, for that childish trust sublime, Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face! Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone— Sweet magic of that treble tone And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

-Eugene Field. International Bible Lesson for August 3. THE PRODIGAL SON-Luke XV, 11-24. Golden Text-Father, I have sinned against leaven, and before thee.-Luke xv. 18.

HOME READINGS. Mon.—The prodigal son Luke xv, 11-24.

Tues.—Departing from the Lord Jer. xvii, 1-10.

Wed.—World unsatisfying Eccl. ii, 1-11.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. New York Independent. One cannot help noticing the different scenes in this wonderful parable, by themselves. The first is the departure. It is the common experience of every one. Who has not left the right, and at some time mutinied against the Lord? But notice that this younger son went away with his hands full. He did not go to seek his fortune. It was at home. He took it with him. God has given every soul his legacy. It can be used or abused. No one is born unendowed. He sends none away empty. But each one has his different portion. Therefore, let no one inveigh against high heaven. Every one starts life with what he deserves. He has only himself to blame either for increase his father's house, and departed with all the pomp and eclat he could summon. He was no sneak. He was too manly for that. The moral sneak-thieves are

the most dangerous class in any community. They do infinitely more harm than a house-breaker or a tramp. If a man makes up his mind that the church is no place for him; that he cannot carry on his course of living under that sacred canopy—let him leave it like a man. An honorable atheist can hold the respect of the people; but a fraudulent, underhanded, hypocritical confessor of Christ manual of the people is the people in the pe fessor of Christ-never. Who has ever extracted pleasure from ex-

cess, or happiness from riotous living? The experiment is as old as the world. No al-chemist can change the muddy dregs of sin into the transparent clixir of unalloyed joy. Indulgence always means misery and sorrow. The glamour of intoxicants, immorality, gambling and extravagance cast their false glow only for the moment. The darkness of remorse follows as the night the day. If any one is on the point of being a little "wild" for the sake of pleasure, let the typical experience of the younger son be a warning. It is possible to sow "wild oats," and come out all right: but it is a dangerous risk, and whatever the out-

come, misery is a sure result. But how many there are who are deluded with the idea that they can do anything they please as long as they repent and feel sorry. Regrets are all well enough, but the sin still stains the soul with indelible marks. St. Augustine's early vices at Carthage were never forgotten; they tinged his whole life with melancholy. His "Confessions" are a unique instance of fearless honesty and an intense abhorrence of his own sin. Tolstoi is a fine modern example of the infiltration of youthful excess in a purified character. The smirch shows through in all his endeavors at reform, and vitiates many an attempt that otherwise might have a noble success. Let no one sin with the feeling that when he gets tired of it he can cast it off as a serpent does its old skin. Sorrow and repentance do not eradicate memory and remorse. Our parable affords the most trenchant

illustration of repentance that we know of in the Scriptures. Repentance is a change of purpose. It is a forced march to the Heavenly Father. It is a "right about face" from sin and its environment to the better life, the higher condition. "I will arise and go to my father" is the secret of a successful retreat from spiritual famine to the joy and plenty of noble achievements and pure life. Yet the father does not meet the erring son immediately at his first outset. There

are stony paths to tread, more hunger to be endured, a continuous denial and pain, un-til the practice of a high resolve has molded the pliant character into rigidity of purpose. The prodigal son was not discouraged in his long journey home. It was a hard one—the hardest of his experience. Herein lay the test and earnest of a sincere con-

Remember that the first act when in the presence of the father is confession. Finally the stress of the parable is laid upon the practical joy of the father. His his limbs again stood at right angles to long watch for his lost son is over. For- each other. It was but a second and all giveness is without reserve.

Of General Interest. Bishop Newman is the first Methodist bishop to visit Honolulu. The deaconess movement has taken practical form with the British Wesleyans. A house has been rented in London and a superintendent appointed.

Some cultured preachers who offer to their congregations themes which seem only to develop the unlimited possibilities of sequence, may be said to have considerable polish but no finish. The Gravel-lane Church, Manchester, England, in which Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and other notables of early Meth-

odism were pastors, has been sold for \$50,-000; the society will build elsewhere. Rev. Dr. L. N. Wheeler, pastor Fort Atkinson, Wis., formerly missionary in China, has been appointed, by the American Bible Society, to the agency for China. He succeeds Rev. Dr. Gulick, who has been emi-

nently successful, but whose health has There is a noteworthy increase of interest in Bible study at Yale. Sixty-seven seniors and ninety-two juniors elect Old Testament literature two lessons a week, for next year, the Old Testament being the only text-book. Oriental history, with

special reference to the Bible, will be a required study in the freshman class. Of the priests of the Catholic Church in this country, numbering in all 8,332, only 2,217, or about one-fourth, according to a recent report, are members of religious orders. Of this number 637 are Jesuits, 323 Benedictines, 231 Franciscans, 193 Redemptorists, 96 Dominicans, 82 Capuchins, the remainder being divided among nineteen

other religious orders. There was held in Glasgow, recently, a meeting of ministers and elders in the Free Church of Scotland who are opposed to Professors Bruce and Dods. A committee of seven was appointed to draw up a manifesto setting forth reasons for being dissatisfied with the decision of the assembly in the two cases. A larger committee was appointed to receive the draft, revise it and make it public.

An old gentleman of Pittsburg, who claims to be one of the first teachers of music in public schools, recalls that in 1848 "Methodists believed with the Friends that the use of instruments in church music was a profanation." He further says that he and John McGinley, the leader of the choir of one of the oldest Methodist churches, had to hide the music-book out of which they sang, so that the congregation could not see it, and that he himself thought it was a grevious sin to use a note-

Thoughts for the Day. There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at. It is with human character, very often,

as it is with a torch; the more it is shaken the more it shines.-W. W. Newton. form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter | cellent poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows: There is no beautifier of complexion, or

life a result that is disastrously wide of the mark. To begin well is to begin true, and

with a sure aim. If a great thing can be done at all it can be done easily. But it is in that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathering strength.

It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, resolute in adversity; to despise what the vulgar admire, and to prefer a mediocrity to an excess.-Seneca, after Sir Roger L'Estrange. They who have read about everything

are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowl-edge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections-we must chew them over again.

FREAKS OF HYPNOTISM.

Extraordinary Antics of a Victim of Dr Mouret-Five Days as a Greek Cross. Philadelphia Times. One day last May, while Professor Mour-

et, the eminent by pnotist, was operating on several patients at one time in his large private hospital, an amusing occurrence happened, which so excited the risibilities of Dr. Normainde, an assistant, that Prof. Mouret determined to make a severe example of the young man. Extending his right hand toward the assistant he, with a few passes, brought him completely under his control. Dr. Normainde was an easy subject and readily fell into the hypnotic trance, Professor Mouret having often operated on him before. "From this moment hence for the next five days, regularly every five minutes your anatomy shall assume the form of a Greek cross." After having delivered himself of this curse Professor Mouret resumed his operations in healing the sick as though nothing had happened

to displease him. Professor Mouret had quite forgotten his strange curse on his assistant, when suddenly and without warning Dr. Normainde assumed the exact shape of a Greek cross. Standing on his right foot, his left foot was extended at right angles to his body, his right arm pointed heavenward, while his left pointed toward the horizon. In an instant he regained his normal position, apparently totally unconscious of his recent strange actions. No matter where he might be or what he might happen to be doing. as each five minutes were up he involun-Dr. Mouret had a wealthy widow under

tarily assumed this strange attitude. treatment and was about to extract a decayed molar tooth. He had placed his forceps on the adjoining tooth, which was perfectly sound, to try it, when lo! the assistant suddenly assumed the shape of a Greek cross. His arm coming into contact with Professor Mouret's caused him to unintentionally pull a perfectly sound tooth, which so enranged the Professor that he ordered his assistant to leave the room. Dr. Normainde began to gather up his traps and was about to open a large glass door when the fit came on him and he ran

one arm clear through the door, shattering the glass panel into hundreds of fragments. He now started to waik to his home in the Rue De Maix. Just as he was passing the corner of Les Dames Rivere he stopped in front of an old apple woman to buy some fruit. He put his hand in his trousers pocket, and had just grasped his pocket-book to pay the woman when another five minutes came to an end. Quick as flash one arm and leg were each rigidly extended toward the horizon. His hand, still clinching his pocket-book, suddenly found itself planted into the weather-beaten face of the old apple woman while his extended foot kicked over her stand, scattering the contents over the street. For this, to him an unconscious offense, he was seized by a passing gen-darme and hustled toward the police station. It was not long before the officer found he had to deal with a very interest-ing prisoner. Twice he succeeded in displacing the officer's hat, and while crossing the Seine his foot was suddenly extended with so much energy that the officer was landed into the river below, while Normainde made good his escape.

Hailing a passing cab, he gave orders to be driven to the Rue De Maix, but inside of the next five minutes that cab presented the strange spectacle of a man with his foot thrust through first one glass door, then the other, until poor cabby, becoming convinced that he had a crazy man to deal with, proceeded to drive him to the prefecture of police. After inspection, in due time he was taken to the insane wards of the great French Hospital. It was not long before he had torn in shreds every strait-jacket in the institution. But, as he appeared rational enough in everything save his periodical gymnastic exercises, it was deemed advisable to place him in the large yard belonging to the hospital under the care of a trained keeper. Twice during the ensuing night he kicked and severely injured his keeper, who had fallen asleep while holding his arm. This so enraged the keeper that just before dawn he opened the wicket in the large gate at the eastern wing of the building and turned this five-minute periodical crank

into the street. Dr. Normainde having once more regained his liberty, now made another attempt to reach his home in the Rue De Maix. The scenes and incidents since the preceding afternoon, when Professor Mouret had thrown this strange spell about him. occurred in such rapid succession that he had had no time to think. He now began to devise a plan to rid himself of this extraordinary spell. Even while he was calmly walking along in the gray light of the early morning pondering the question a convulsive shudder ran through him and was over, coming on like a person having hiccough. He now determined to break this strange spell. Coolly and carefully he seized his left wrist with his right hand and held on as tight as he possibly could and at the same time he set off to run at a brisk pace, hoping by this means to miss at least one triangular convulsion. But, like choking off the hicconghs, this device failed to have the desired effect, and he soon found himself sprawling on the pavement. Again he repeated the experiment of holding his wrist, this time while standing still, but when five minutes bad elapsed since his last convulsion, he found himself completely powerless to hold his hand, and his limbs again shot out at right angles to his body. It was Sunday morning, and when he reached his home his mother, sister and a maiden aunt were preparing to attend

early mass. He waited on the steps until he had passed through one of his rightangled gymnastic contortions, then producing a latch-key he hastened to his room. He was unfortunate enough to meet his aunt on the second floor landing, who, noticing his tattered garments and wounded hands, detained him until he had one of his periodical right-angled fits. She, now thoroughly alarmed, called his mother and sister. He tried to explain, but they, not having had any experience in the mysteries of hypnotism, insisted on taking him to the Notre Dame at once, believing that the good Father Pieriens could exercise the evil spirit from him. On the way to the Notre Dame he, to his own mortification and their astonishment. kicked his mother, knocked his annt's head gear into the gutter and frightened his sister into tears. Arrived at the sacred edifice, he was led around to the chancel door. where Pietro Pieriens, the good father confessor, was found in all his glory of surplice

and bands. "Pray not for me," said Dr. Normainde, "but rather make haste and see Professor Mouret, for he alone can remove this strange trance into which he yesterday cast me when I was so unfortunate as to incur

his displeasure.' The priest now led him into the sacristy, where he detained him until the arrival of Professor Mouret, who, on hearing of his strange experiences, quickly brought him out of his post-hypnotic trance and apologized to his mother and the priest.

Correcting Tennyson's Inaccuracy. David Ker, in August Harper. Shortly after the publication of Tenny-son's famous poem, "A Vision of Sin," the

Laureate was somewhat startled to receive

from Mr. Babbage, the renowned arithme-

tician, a letter which ran as follows: Dear Sir-I find in a recently published poem from your pen, entitled "A Vision of Sin," the following unwarrantable statement: "Every moment dies a man. Every moment one is born. I need hardly point out to you that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of per-petual equipoise, whereas it is a well-known fact that the said sum total is constantly on the in-

crease. I would therefore take the liberty of

suggesting that in the next edition of your ex-

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness. It is stated that oysters ten inches long are found in New Guinea.

mous quantity of 485 quarts of beer per head per annum. The twentieth anniversary of a wedding is never celebrated. It is considered very

The people of Munich consume the enor-

unlucky to do so. There is a news stand in Atlanta Ga. whose proprietor refuses to sell newspapers

Apples ten and twelve inches in circumference are raised in southern Florida, They are said to be of fine flavor and juicy. During a heated spell, at Reading, Pa., last week, workmen removed a street-rail, and it expanded so much that it could not

The extraordinary feat of telephoning be-tween St. Petersburg and Boulogne, a distance of 2,465 miles, has recently been ac-

The saloon-keepers of St. Petersburg have been warned not to sell liquors to factory operatives on credit, or to entice them to drink in any other way. A woman in Missouri had her husband's name put down on the census enumerator's

report as a lunatic, because he had sold out two years ago and left Kansas. During the marriage service in a church in Virginia the other day a goat walked in and broke up the ceremony by summarily ejecting the groom with his head.

It is said that a bunch of clover hung up

in a sitting-room or bedroom will clear it of flies. This remedy must be equally agreeable to the inhabitant of the room and to the fly. A poor washerwoman at Fayettevill Ark., who a few days ago was notified that she had been granted a pension and would

receive \$5,000 back pay, was so overcome with joy that she died. A woman seventy years old has patented s sewing-machine needle which does not require threading. It seems very simple, and all who have seen it wonder why no-body thought of it before.

The negroes in the various States in the Union own an aggregate of \$263,000,000 worth of property. This is encouraging when one reflects that less than a generation ago they were slaves. Union, in Tolland county, Connecticut, has no doctor, no lawyer and no minister in

charge of a parish. The only minister is an "elder" with a license to preach, who devotes himself to agriculture. A Japanese paper states that at Kanawaza a family of six generations lives. The oldest is said to be 132 years of age, and to be a great-great-grandmother, her hus-

band, aged 130, also being alive. W. S. Williams, of Cherokee county, Alabama, is the father of twenty-eight children, the eldest of whom is forty-nine years old and the youngest six. Mr. Williams is in his seventieth year, and is still hale and

The first elephant ever seen in England

was sent as a present to Henry III by the

King of France, about the year 1255. Numbers of people crowded to see the curiosity, and a special building was erected for it at A mass of pure, compact rock salt, said to contain 90,000,000 tons of the mineral, is located on an island 185 feet high which rises from a sea marsh on the route from

Brashear to New Iberia, up the river Teche.

During a thunder-storm in Houghton County, Michigan, a Mrs. Kapper received pretty strong dose of electric fluid. She had been suffering greatly from inflammatory rheumatism, but since the shock has not felt a single pain. A couple who went from Pocahontas, W. Va., to Cumberland, Md., to be married,

were obliged to wait thirty-six hours, as

the groom was not old enough by that num-

in Louisiana. .

ber of hours to become a husband, and could not obtain a license. South Attica, Mich., farmers planted mustard seed. They did not expect pineapples or oranges, but they were wild when the plant came up and proved to be West-ern mustard, which is about ten times as hard to eradicate as the Canada thistle.

About a week ago Luther Clough, of Bow, N. H., was bitten through the hand by two cats which he attempted to separate while they were fighting. Soon after he became ill, suffered greatly from his wounds, and his death is now momentarily expected. The kali-mujah, or death-plant, of Java, has, flowers which continually give off a

perfume so powerful as to overcome, if

inhaled for any length of time, a full-grown man, and which kills all forms of insect life that approach close enough to come under its influence. Statistics prove the sea to be safer to live on than the land. The death rate of sailors in the British merchant marine is under twelve per thousand; the loss of life by shipwreck is about a quarter of this; in fact, there are more lives lost among miners

from accident than among sailors and many more among railway employes. A planter at Alpharetta, Ga., has an acreof cotton, every stalk of which is of a deep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. The blooms are red when they open. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. There is a fortune in this new variety if it can be perpetuated.

"Old Billy," says the Boston Globe, "is

now forty years of age, and is the oldest

railway horse in the world. For twenty-

years he worked on a car running from Brookline to Boston, and during this remarkable career never lost a trip from sickness or inability. He actually traveled during this period over 125,000 miles. Mr. A. Montefiore, who has been traveling in Florida, and devoting a careful study to the fruit-growing districts of that vast State, calculates that the Americans eat more meat in the course of twenty-four hours than all the inhabitants of Great

Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland put together. A warning against undue physical exer-tion by those not accustomed to it is contained in the remark of the chief surgeon of the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, O. This physician said that of the five thousand soldiers in the Dayton home "fully 80 per cent, are suffering from heart disease in some form or another, due to the forced physical exertion of their cam-

paigns. It is a good deal easier to spoil a knife than to sharpen it. To begin with, a rough stone is used too freely. Unless a kuife has a very round or ragged edge it does not want any grinding at all, and it can be brought into shape far more rapidly and surely by the aid of a whetstone and a lit-tle oil. It is no use laying the blade flat on the stone and rubbing hard; hold the back of the knife well up and sharpen the edge of the blade only. If you know how to use it the back of a knife makes an excellent steel or sharpener, but the secret is hard to

acquire. A Famous Novelist and His Wife. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mr. Marion Crawford is an exceedingly andsome young man, and is as perfect physically, with his six feet of manliness. as a Greek statue. By incessant physical culture he has developed each muscle to perfection, and he has distinguished himself as a brilliant fencer. His wife is as perfect in her way, and one of the most beautiful of American women. She has a statuesque figure that is lithe and graceful as a reed. Those who know General Berdan remember his wonderful gray eyes and his superb physique, both of which are fem-ininely duplicated in his daughter. When General Berdan went to Turkey, after superintending the construction of his musket invention in Russia, he was accom-panied by his daughter. It was there that Marion Crawford met the lady he was fortunate enough to win for a wife, Miss Berdan created a sensation in official society in Constantinople by her beauty and grace of manner. It was there that the wedding took place which united two of the handsomest natives of the United States. Mr. Crawford is a nephew of Mrs. Julia Ward-Howe, a literary lady who is highly esteemed on both sides of the At-

lantic. He Knew Where It Happened.

In a Connecticut Sunday-school a teacher was reading from St. Mark, v, to his class "And the unclean spirit went out and en-tered into the swine," etc., when a bright little boy said:

"I know where that happened." "Indeed," replied the toacher, "how did you hear about it?"
"I heard my father tell Mrs. Lee at our luncheon that the deviled ham came from